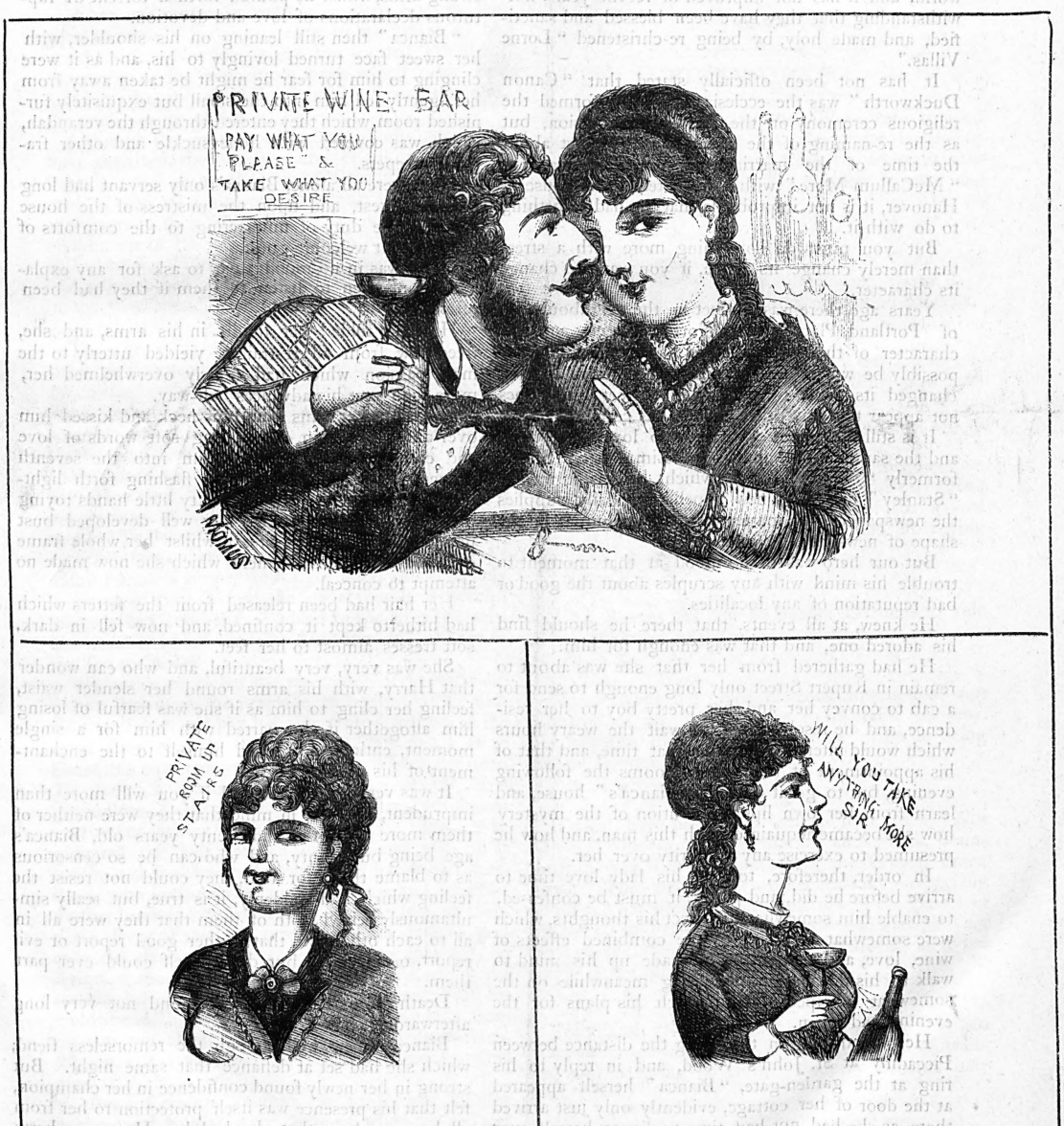
LONDON LIFE.

No. 3. LONDON, JUNE 7th, 1879. ONE PENNY.

CITY WINE SHOPS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.



BARMAIDS, OH!

THE FASCINATING FOREIGNER OF ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

Chapter III.

This, therefore, added just that "soupcon" of danger to this enterprise, which would have rendered the prosecution of his design absolutely irresistible, even had it not been that he was already bound hand and foot by his fair enslaver.

He had ascertained from "Bianca," during the short conversation he had with her at "Belasco's" house, that she resided at what was then called "Hanover Cottages," St. John's Wood.

Their reputation was not perhaps the best in the world, and it has not improved of recent years, notwithstanding that they have been blessed and sanctified, and made holy, by being re-christened "Lorne Villas."

It has not been officially stated that "Canon Duckworth" was the ecclesiastic who performed the religious ceremony on the interesting occasion, but as the re-naming of the street happened just about the time of the marriage of the descendant of "McCallum More" with a daughter of the house of Hanover, it is not improbable that he had something to do with it.

But you must do something more with a street than merely change its name, if you want to change its character.

Years ago there was a street in the neighbourhood of Portland Place called Norton Street, and the character of that street was so bad that it could not possibly be worse, and in order to improve it they changed its name to "Bolsover" Street, but it does not appear that any other change has come over it.

It is still the haunt of those who love not wisely, and the same remark applies to "Limmerston" Street, formerly "Stanley" Street, which, bad as it was, as "Stanley" under its new appellation daily supplies the newspapers with matter for their columns, in the shape of newspaper reports.

But our hero was in no mood at that moment to trouble his mind with any scruples about the good or bad reputation of any localities.

He knew, at all events, that there he should find his adored one, and that was enough for him.

He had gathered from her that she was about to remain in Rupert Street only long enough to send for a cab to convey her and her pretty boy to her residence, and he resolved not to wait the weary hours which would intervene between that time, and that of his appointment at the Argyll Rooms the following evening, but to go at once to "Bianca's" house, and learn from her own lips the solution of the mystery how she became acquainted with this man, and how he presumed to exercise any authority over her.

In order, therefore, to give his lady love time to arrive before he did, and partly, it must be confessed, to enable him somewhat to collect his thoughts, which were somewhat confused by the combined effects of wine, love, and excitement, he made up his mind to walk to his destination, pondering meanwhile on the somewhat unexpected turn which his plans for the evening had taken.

He was not long in traversing the distance between Piccadilly at St. John's Wood, and in reply to his ring at the garden-gate, "Bianca" herself appeared at the door of her cottage, evidently only just arrived there, as she had not had time to divest herself even of her gloves.

Quickly did she run down to the gate, and with a glad smile admitted him, saying as she did so, "I knew you would come, I overheard that wretch speaking to you in Rupert Street, and felt convinced that I should see you here, but, glad as I am to see you I fear that your championship of me may involve you in serious trouble. But, there," she continued, "you are here, and I cannot find it in my heart to close my doors against you, be the consequences what they may."

It was late, and there was no one near, but if there had been, the passer by would have been somewhat startled by the response made by Harry to this address.

He embraced her passionately, and her lithe and supple form lingered willingly and lovingly in his strong arms, whilst he poured forth a torrent of rapturous declarations of love and devotion.

"Bianca" then still leaning on his shoulder, with her sweet face turned lovingly to his, and as it were clinging to him for fear he might be taken away from her, gently led him into the small but exquisitely furnished room which they entered through the verandah, which was covered with honeysuckle and other fragrant creepers.

They were all alone, Bianca's only servant had long retired to rest, and upon the mistress of the house devolved the duty of ministering to the comforts of her new but welcome guest.

Harry was in no mood then to ask for any explanations, or even to listen to them if they had been offered.

He again folded her fondly in his arms, and she, freed now from all restraints, yielded utterly to the mad passion which had utterly overwhelmed her, more than met his advances half-way.

She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him over and over again, murmuring soft words of love and endearment, which sent him into the seventh heaven of bliss, her bright eyes flashing forth lightning glances of passion, her pretty little hands toying with his silky moustache, her well developed bust pressed fervidly to his breast, whilst her whole frame quivered with the excitement which she now made no attempt to conceal.

Her hair had been released from the fetters which had hitherto kept it confined, and now fell in dark, soft tresses almost to her feet.

She was very, very beautiful, and who can wonder that Harry, with his arms round her slender waist, feeling her cling to him as if she was fearful of losing him altogether if she parted with him for a single moment, entirely surrended himself to the enchantment of his position.

It was very imprudent, and if you will more than imprudent, but bear in mind that they were neither of them more than two-and-twenty years old, Bianca's age being but twenty, and who can be so censorious as to blame them for that, they could not resist the feeling which had suddenly, it is true, but really simultaniously seized both of them that they were all in all to each other, and that neither good report or evil report, or any thing but death itself could ever part them.

Death did part them, however, and not very long afterwards.

Bianca knew well enough the remorseless fiend, which she had set at defiance that same night. But strong in her newly found confidence in her champion, felt that his presence was itself protection to her from all harm, and so that she had her Harry, no harm could come to her.

She was but too cruelly undeceived, and that but too early.

She did not know that she had, young as she was, already earned for herself the title of "Manslayer," and that her favours were looked upon as the doom of him who received them.

But Bianca, although she had erred, had never loved before, and the poor girl fondly hoped that the honest, pure affection which her darling had inspired her with, would protect her lover from the fate which had hitherto attended all those who had received her caresses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DIVORCE COURT.

When one comes to analyze modern Society, the great increase of divorce cases is by no means to be wondered at. Not long since the learned President stated that in the majority of cases which come before him, the abuse of stimulants is generally one of the predisposing causes.

Although the four bottle days of our ancestors have departed, the baneful habit of taking repeated "small nips," seems the ruling fashion of the day medical men are apt to prescribe port wine and other stimulants to their fair patients; this is often the commencement of the fatal habit, which has and will yet destroy many a hitherto happy home.

Again another predisposing cause is to be gained in the "old friend," for he it is who is usually the gay Lothario.

There are officers and gentlemen in society, who, although they would blush at the bare idea of even conceiving a dishonourable action, will nevertheless think nothing of rewarding the trusting friendship of some intimate friend by doing their best to seduce his wife; such is modern honur!

Husbands are as a rule to blame in neglecting their wives, but their folly at times appears so great that suggestions of collusion present themselves to the mind. To leave a young and pretty woman to be escorted from one place to another, even by one's eldest friend, is simply downright folly, and it is only a matter of time before the usual result is accomplished; and another case added to the already countless number which testify to "old friends," as seen in the divorce court.

Sympathy, or rather the assertation of it is the old friends first move, he pretends to regret that his dear old friend does not pay his wife more attention, at the same time possibly throwing out dark hints as to Benedict's character and how he spends his spare time. To foster a woman's suspicion, no matter how groundless, is also another of the "old friends praiseworthy endeavours. Little by little he succeeds in widening the gulf between husband and wife, till at last he makes the wife distrust and dislike her husband, who naturally becomes morose and irritable, finding himself treated with coldness instead of affection. Even at this juncture he usually fails to perceive the cause of the change until one fine day, on returning tired from business, he is stunned by the sudden intelligence of his wife's elopement with his "old friend." The scales are thus rudely torn from his eyes, and the friend of his boyhood appears transformed into a scoundrel of the most contemptible kind.

After a few short months the guilty pair indulge in the usual mutual recriminations, when the seducer suddenly leaves his victim ruined for life, and oftimes compelled to seek the streets for bread.

Such cases do happen, and yet husbands continue blind, to be deceived in their turn, when by a little care and foresight so much misery might be prevented.

All women like flattery except from their husbands, strange yet true. Correspondents are aware of this, and make evil use of so powerful a lever to attain their end.

Nowhere can character be studied more deeply or so true an insight into human nature be obtained as in the divorce court.

As the surgeon who would become acquainted with the anatomy of the body does not shrink from the dissecting room and from foul disease, so will he who would become acquainted with human nature find a fine field of observation and research in the divorce court.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

FIREWORKS.

On the Queens birthday the *Colors* were trooped as usual at the Horseguards, the *troops* are being *Colored* on their way to the Cape by an occasional dose of Cat-o'nine-tails. No wonder recruits are scarce.

* * *

Saturday being afine day the Duke of Cambridge left his umbrella at home. On very warm days officers on paradc will be allowed regulation parasols.

* * *

The Nobility Clergy and the Civil Service are extendeng their Co-operative business. They now have Comyanies to supply everytning, from eggs and bacon to a bishops mitre, from a Commander in chief's umbrella to a barristers wig. I have just received a circular of a Co-operatine movement, (the directors of which are principally princes dukes and peeresses) to trade entirely in Cats meat. It is to be named the diurnal feline provision supply and Purveying Co-operative Association.

* * *

John Reeves has now no Surrey Gardens to rule over. He rules over "greens" instead.

* * *

Major Lyons has given his cook instructions not to introduce any "blue" peas to his table this year. He has also discovered that "blue" ruin is being sold in London.

* * *

It must have been great fun to have seen "Not Much" Montague Tigg Clarke, and Frank Stainforth, having a deadly combat in the Crown, Essex Street. They mauled each other fearfully—especially about the hat rims. Monty lost one of the glasses of his *specs.*, as Frank wanted a new eye glass, having *worn out the other*. Various rumours are rife as to the origin of the quarrel.

* * *

Jolly Nash re-appears in the Music Halls. When I see this nash-ional singer I give up all idea of wailing and nash-ing of teeth. I simply become jolly also.

* * *

Arthur Lloyd's new song:—Kidamarin Who's he a-kidding of now?

Toole is about to build a new Theatre. We wish him every success, for as long as the talented actor-manager chooses to work and "play," it is certain to be a genuine "place of amusement."

* * *

Mr. Charles Wyndham performs in "Truth" admirably; *in Truth* it is a pity that he does not study truth in the journalistic accounts of his doings. This remark is, of course, accidental.

* * *

A holiday, My Masters! For once the fool determines to take a day or two's rest, and get a breath of fresh air and a sniff of the briny.

* * *

Bah! This from my heart, as I travel, for some of my fellow passengers will insist upon funking out the carriage with bad tobacco, or else are busy in pulling out the mysterious satchel or basket, sundry comestibles, and washing them down with copious libations of whisky, rum and gin.

* * *

"Drink!" You need not go to the Princess's Theatre to see it, for it comes before you in its hideousness, wherever you go, whether by road or rail. Still I hope to hear and read of better times, thinking and hoping that some of the British public will soon consider that "It is never too late to mend."

* * *

Are honorary secretaryships profitable matters? Ask Charley Harcourt, late of the Adelphi—he ought to be well up in the *modus operandi*.

* * *

Mr. Gye's first novelty, "Les Amants de Verone," is a frost; even the authorship of a Marquis (D'Ivry) cannot give this the *title* of a success.

* *

The Arglye is now transformed into a Restaurant, Where once *sinners* were served, now *dinners* are served. Mr. Bignell is, of course, anxious to conduct everything most morally; all the waiters are curates (or look like them), and no one is admitted until they have passed an examination in the catechism.

* * *

Tick. Tick.—It is not true, as I am told, that Spurgeon's clock was got on tick, as the reverend gentleman is too particular, being always up to time, and ready with a good joke if the audience "pays the piper." This is a striking fact.

Sims is about to start a new journal, "One and all," It's *all one* to me, but he will have the success he deserves. Having been associated with a *Sampson* should be a *strong* point in its favour.

* * *

"One and All," that is Sims' Journal, and if it is as good as he promises it shall be, the public will rush for *one* till they are *all* sold.

* * *

Only take care, George, that your publisher allows the trade a fair profit, then *one and all* will be able to obtain the paper at every newsvendors.

* * *

For curious advertisements, read the "South London Record," of May 11th. The advertisement is headed, "Housekeepers;" it is of rather too *fishy* a character to reprint, so I must refer my readers to Wilkes.

* * *

However, in the same paper, I read the following, and thinking any fellow, who plays such jokes on elderly females, ought to get the full benefit of our circulation to expose him, so here it is.

* * *

"When people are easily satisfied, it is too bad to raise a laugh at their expense. Everybody knows 'noisy' at Loughboro' Junction, that facetious gentleman who perambulates the corridor all day to direct unwary passengers in the way they should go. The other day an elderly lady approached him, and meekly inquired which was the way to the Crystal Palace, adding, 'I hope the train won't stop everywhere, then there won't be such a crush.' 'All right, mum, No. 5 on your left, express to Denmark Hill,' was the answer, and away trotted the little old lady, quite content. The crowds who used to rush and hurry, on hearing your cry, 'Express to Camberwell,' have become too wary now Standen, and your attempt to divert the Palace passengers will not be rewarded as of old."

* * *

No Chance for a Kiss.—At Lambeth Court the other day, a case of kissing was heard before Mr. Chance. Butt, assistant common keeper, and a man named Davies, in the service of the Board, gave evidence that defendant, on the 13th inst., was with a lady on the common some two or three hours. They were seen kissing and hugging each other, and on the defendant being spoken to, he asked the keeper why they had been watched, and the man replied that he had done so because he had seen them on the grass, the defendant kissing and leaning on the lady. The defendent said the keeper had before annoyed him, and he told him he was a liar, and would make it hot for him. He gave the keeper his card.

Mr. Wyman, the solicitor, then called a lady named Ledger, who stated that they had been annoyed before by the keeper watching them. On this occasion they sat on the grass. There was kissing, but no hugging

or leaning on one another. She added that the defendant was paying his addresses to her.

The worthy Magistrate fined the parties, and told them it was illegal to kiss on the common, but let the Motley Clown inform him that is a common practice, especially at holiday time, to play kiss in the ring.

* * *

Don't *chance* kissing a girl on Tooting Common, lest by any Miss-*chance* the keeper should see, and you be brought before Mr. *Chance*, and stand the off-*chance* of being sent to limbo for a kiss.

* * *

The Magistrate had, perhaps, a recollection of Byron's lines, "If once she kiss her meaning is expressed," and thought it dangerous.

* * *

Most upright Judge! —*Shakespeare.*
Most jocular Judge! —*Jester.*

* * *

Mr. Justice Denman was "wont to set the table in a roar," during the recent trial, Hall *v.* Jennings, in which the husband of Leona Dare sought to obtain possession of the apparatus used by the latter.

* * *

When Martinetti offered his evidence, "Mr. Justice" supposed that really his name was Martin. Witness reiterated that Martinetti *was* his name. Says "Mr. Justice," that's because you tumble into nets, I suppose.

* * *

Oh, funny Judge!

* * *

By analogous reasoning we have: Denman, a man tumbled into a den. "A very Daniel come to judgment!"

* * *

Again. The Queen of the Antilles and the Pride of Madrid was stated to have received £70 per night. Very good pay, says "Mr. Justice." A barrister would like to get it. Perhaps "Mr, Justice" can remember the time when, as a sucking barrister, he would have been glad to earn a much smaller *honorarium*.

* * *

Is it any part of a judge's duty to occupy valuable time with a disquition on the merits or demerits of gymnastic performances, and to ventilate his opinion that the members of a talented profession would have done better had they turned their attention to the bar or the church.

* * *

A hint to the Earl of Petticoat Lane! If Buffoonery is a qualification for a judgeship, the best thing he can do, the first time there is a vacancy, will be to make a judge ("and a good judge too!") of

JESTER.

PARISIAN JOTTINGS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

A decree of amnesty, lately signed, permits M. Melvil-Bloncourt, the mulatto representative from Guadaloupe, who was sentenced to death for the part he took in the doings of the Commune, to return to France.

* * *

The attachment of the President of the Republic to his residence in the Rue St. Arnaud is well known. They have just been let, and the honour of having been occupied by him who now rules the destinies of France, has increased their value from 6500 francs to 8000 francs per annum, which is the rent to be paid by the new tenant.

* * *

A grand day and night "Fête de l'Opéra," for the relief of the sufferers by the Szegedin floods, engrosses the attention of Paris. The entertainment will include a concert, in which Gonoud, St. Saens, Léo Delibes, Guiraud, and Reyer will conduct their own compositions There will also be a "farandole," a fancy fair, the leading actresses of Paris presiding at the stalls, and a "tombola," in which every occupant of a seat in boxes, pit and stalls, will be entitled to participate. Amongst the prizes, the gift of benevolent individuals, are some curious items, including 100 tickets for ascents in the Captive Balloon.

* * *

Vict. Hugo has authorised the production of a drama founded on his romance "Bug-Jargal." which will be entitled "Le Loup de Kervegan," written by M. Pierre Elzéar, and produced at the Chateau d'Eau."

* * *

A banker of the Faubourg Montmartre has levanted with property of depositors value two million francs.

The direction of the Comédie Française have objected to the proposed readings by Mdlle. Bernhardt, advertised in the *Times*, as it is contrary to the regulations for any member of the society to take part in any private enterprise during their approaching visit to London.

* * *

The luggage, containing the costumes, &c., for the use of the company, was contained in ninety trunks, and weighed 4200 kilos.

* * *

AParisian lover of "le sport" started for London, in order to see "The Derby." Having missed the the boat, he returned home, unexpectedly of course. He discovers his wife, *en dishabille*, enjoying breakfast, *tête-a-tête* with a gentleman.

* * *

"Adolphe, dearest," said she, with the most perfect *sangfroid*, "I must admit that appearances are against mee, but, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, do not let us have any words before a stranger!"

* * *

A spectator was observed to weep during the representation of the interment scene in *Les Vestales*. His neighbour asked him the reason. "The ceremony," replied the affected one, "reminds me of the death of my wife." "Sir," said his neighbour, "had your wife taken the vow of virginity?"

BARMAIDS.

We are glad to turn from some of the worse phases of London Life, which have a demoralizing tendency, to view scenes in which, if the "fast" element predominates, it is at least kept so far within the bounds of decorum, that, however rollicking may be the banter, it seldom invades the limits of the obscene, although bordering very closely upon the indelicate, and if, in our impartial criticism we are forced to disclose some unpalatable truths, we venture to predict that none will hail our revelations with more sincere satisfaction than a very large section of barmaids themselves. Therefore, in no censorious spirit shall proceed with our remarks, but half in pity, half in contempt, for the spooney young coxcombs who lounge about public house bars, until the united influence of drink and sentiment excite an unhealthy passion.

We shall try an irruption into the charmers' domain, endeavour to dispel the illusion that Miss —— is an angel, or Mademoiselle is a paragon.

Barmaids, as a rule, are pretty, sprightly, and entertaining, and (we blush to say it), sometimes naughty. but the surroundings of their trade, especially in City pubs., have not an elevating tendency, and although some challenge sincere admiration, in passing through the ordeal with spotless reputations, others, we shame to say it, pursue un immodest course of flirtation with unblushing assurance, and indulge in intrigue, the more pernicious from its being veiled by legitimate business.

From their being the willing prey of profligate libertines, they decline to beguilers of unsophisticated youth.

Perhaps it may astonish some steady-going folks, not versed in the rôle of London life, especially our country cousins, that the gay ladies of the bar (Lord, how that word "bar" clings vividly to our mind, the climax of such gaiety) do not flourish so much where pints of "Yarmouth" and half-goes of Old Tom are the order of the day, as in those snug compartments kept select—oh very select, for (save the mark) gentlemen. It is in the refreshment bars, and at the wine counters, where the demi-monde presides, that the arts and blandishments of beauty enamour, and intrigues are conducted with glaring effrontery in the light of day.

The rake about town, especially the respectable old rake, the rubicund old debauchee, with portly belly, sleek face, ogling eyes, and gold-rimmed spectacles, who digs his chum in the ribs as they sip their glasses of port or brandy and sodas, and leers over the counter for inviting glances, or an arch expression, and chuckles with abandoned glee if he succeeds in provoking an indelicate rejoinder. This sort of man never wastes his precious time in entering the lists with an Hebe of the "general;" he knows the "ropes" too well to do anything so green. His mark is the "private," as he is thoroughly cognisant of the loose part in public machinery—the compartment in some well known haunt which the proprietor has fitted up with taste, and furnished with swell women, well knowing that it is not the quality of the articles he dispenses that creates an attraction to his establishment, but the fascinating "gals"—the showy dressed damsels with malicious eyes, who pout, and simper, and ogle, and maintain a running fire of "flash" chaff with surfeited old dandies, and gay young sparks, unaffected as to the guv'nors whereabouts, who, providing the coin keeps rolling into the till, cares not a jot about the presents his "ladies" cater for, the favours they bestow in return, the assignations they make, or the bargains they strike on their own account. His business is to anticipate the wants of his customers, and provide for their satisfactory supply, and so long as his interest is properly seen to in the very necessary duty of the replenishment of glasses, he is sufficiently liberal minded not to interfere with pretty little arrangements contracted "under the rose."

It may very naturally be asked, are there many such establishments as these in London? Well, we cannot pretend to a knowledge of many where profligacy is conducted with an outward show of smirk propriety, but every city man is aware that there is a license of conversation indulged in by barmaids and customers in numbers of city publics, which, mildly speaking, flavours very strongly of the indecent.

Solomon, Stephens, and Stingo, and all of a like kidney, have each their favourite centre of attraction, where they can cast sheeps' eyes across the counter, stimulate their eloquence with "humble," or warm, or cold goes, and "blow each other tight," with amazement at the serene nonchalance with which the inspirer of their delight treats their broadest insinuations, and replies to ribald bandinage with an easy grace, charming to behold.

So while their peers are fondling with their "fancies," they are flirting with their "flames," and the critical observer fails to discover which are the safest "spoons," the masters or the men. The only conclusion to be arrived at being, that it is an all round show of Punch and Judy, with very little Fun, except for the agreeable landlords of the drinking free-and-easys.

Actresses are proud of their charms being displayed in shop windows, in all the simplicity of undress uniform. Barmaids have no need thus to advertise their attraction, for behind the bar they reign supreme, and their surprise is undisputed.

Here they hold sovereign sway, and sometimes surrounded with sonnets as practical as:

Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
A barmaid's the girl for me.
She turns on the taps, and repartee caps;
And pinches, and lynches, the soft spoony chaps.
Oh! she is the girl for a spree!

She plays her part with all the airs and coquetry of a May-day queen; and when the gas is lit, (barmaids as a rule like cheap Jack's wares, show best by gaslight), and the small hours creep on apace, toys with her beaux with such fascinating vivacity, that they drinking and winking, and blinking, cluster round in a melee like sucking doves, cooing and booing, until the well-known hint, "Time gentlemen please," despatches them reeling and stealing to their respective domiciles, to awake in the morning with, "Oh! Jerusalem!" heads splitting with drink, excitement, and sentiment.

These are the penalties of savoury youth, those of driv'ling age, we will discharge with the denunciation of the immortal Pitt, "If youth, sir, can be attributed to any man as a reproach age must surely become contemptible when the opportunities for improvement have passed away, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided."

Lessons in prize fighting may be had cheaply of Professor Fred. Hughes, who can be seen at the York. Ricketts is also starting a school; their ring is roped in Tenison Street.

LIVERPOOL CHAMBERMAIDS.

THE Liverpool Magistrates and the Liverpool public are rather fond of calling attention to their municipial statistics, in order to convince the outside world of their superior morality, sobriety, and virtue generally.

Statistics are very liable to mislead, and can be made to prove almost anything. The compilers of them have only to shut their eyes to unpleasant facts, and they will not appear in the official returns. If the Liverpudlian magnates wish to keep down the number of convictions for drunkenness, they have only to give instructions to the local police to be conveniently blind to the presence in the streets of those ladies and gentlemen to whom it is the width of the street, and not the length thereof, which is the principal obstacle to their speedy arrival home, and the thing is done at once. But be the statistics worth little or much, is is just as well to have them for you, rather than against you, and the good people of Liverpool can consequently lay the flattering unction to their souls that, according to their own showing, they are a very moral people indeed.

We are not aware that there have been any statistics promulgated with reference to the morality of the Chambermaids of this favoured locality, but the visitor to the great shipping town has only to make use of his eyes and ears to discover that, as far as personal appearance, general civility, and attention to the comforts of the guests at the various holsteries which are there to be found, that they compare favourably with the members of their class in any other town in the kingdom.

The lodger at the "North Western," "Adelphi," or any other of the principal hotels in Liverpool, would be perfectly charmed with the neatness, smartness, good looks, and thoroughly healthy appearance of the fair who brought him his hot water, and looks after his comfort generally.

And when, at the conclusion of the business of the day, he sallied forth for a stroll along Lime Street or the London Road, he would experience a still further surprise.

He will certainly see some very handsome and gorgeously attired females, who do not appear to be, or are desirious of being mistaken for women who "love one man only and cleave to him."

The fashionable and well-fitting garments which they wear, could hardly be provided out of the emolument which is the portion of the Hebes of the Bed-chamber of the Liverpool Hotels.

But this much the sojourner at the second largest town in the kingdom could not fail to observe, and that is the extraordinary resemblance between some of these ladies and the abigals of his hotel. Far be it for me to suggest for a moment the Liverpool Chambermaids add to their income by immoral practices, but if our visitor happened to be benighted in the neighbourhood of Audley Street, he would, at a late hour, see some of these same ladies issuing from one or more of the houses in that respectable locality, and if he selects the one most resembling the charming young woman who attended to his wants in the morning, and chooses to follow her, he will be somewhat surprised to find that she will lead him direct to the house at which he is temporarily residing.

And when the London visitor to Liverpool returns to his familiar Haymarket, he will be forcibly struck with the strong contrast presented by the tawdry painted hags which infest that neighbourhood to their erring sisters who promenade Lime Street, and, with a sigh, he will call to mind the great resemblance which these latter bore to the handmaidens which so delighted him at his hotel at the great Mercantile Emporium. I can offer him no solution of the mystery.

NAUGHTY COOKS.

I Love 'em. I more than love 'em. I adore them, I always did and I always shall do so, and none the less so because although so nice, there are some of them so naughty.

But their naughtiness is of a very innocent stamp, and is generally confined to the dispensing of surreptious hospitality to the "boy in blue," or the "boy in scarlet," at the expense of their masters; I beg pardon, we've got no masters nowadays, at the expense of the larder, of the nominal head of the establishment.

But there are Cooks *and* Cooks, and some Cooks have souls above being fascinated by the blandishments of Z 9999, and will not even listen to the voice of the charmers of the Knightsbridge six-footers of the Household Brigade, chaam they never so wisely.

Now, if you will have a penchant for Cooks, you naturally come in contact with *Pobby*.

But, speaking from experience, I am able to say that those ladies who condescend, for something like double the salary of a curate in a low neignbourhood, to administer to our apetites, do not care to enter the *force* unless they are compelled to do so.

A cook does not like to ask a policeman to take her to the opera. I have taken lots of them there, and they seemed to thoroughly appreciate what they saw and heard.

I have been with them to the "Argyle," the "Holborn," "Caldwell's," and the "*Bird*," over and over again, and instead of being ashamed of them, I have generally found my partner perfectly well able to hold her own with any of the company into which I introduced her.

No, I always took care that my cook was provided with the nattiest pair of boots I could get her, and that she had silk stockings to match, together with gloves as small as the nature of her avocation would permit her to wear.

I was thus able to set at defiance the machievellian machinations of my blue rivals, and I am still able to enjoy the favours, the hospitality, and the society of the nice but naughty cooks.

IMMODEST MODISTES.

The ladies of the demi-monde seem to be very anxious to make themselves, in outward aspearance, if in no other respect, as much like the ladies of the grande monde as they possibly can, If it is true that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the demi-monde certainly do flatter their more fortunate sisters very much.

But then, again, they have their innings, also, for the ladies of the grande monde, certainly are equally desirous of making themselves as like their fair but frail rivals as are the latter, wishful to copy them. And, bar the good looks, the "upper ten" are certainly successful, for they carry their extravagance in the matter of indecency of costume to far greater length than any prostitute would think it safe to venture. It is on ill wind which blows no one any good, and in consequence of this undesirable sort of rivalry certain "Modists" make a very pretty penny.

The two young ladies who are learning bookfolding in Cursitor Street, E.C, are, I am told, are very fond of friting, after work hours; but it was very unkind of them, after asking T. C. and J. T. to take them to a dance, to leave them after the first quadrille for the other swells, because they had more cush.

* * *

The gay widow in the Holloway Road should not be so enraged when she is remiuded by George, the fat Barman at the Compasses, of the way in which her late husband made his money, as it is whispered it was not altogether obtained by the profits of the marine store.

* * *

We've thrashed Yakoob Khan in Affgh anistan, and are going to pay him £60,000 per annum for doing it. I'd stand a good thrashing for half the money.

* * *

Mr. Plimsoll is unfortunately likely to lose the use of one eye. Fortunately for "Poor Jack," Mr. P. will still keep the other eye open on his account, for P. is so wide awake that the loss of an optic can't nossibly affect him.

* * *

The first of June commenced our summer weather for this year It was a glorious morning. In the afternoon the winter season commenced. Well, we cant grumble. We've had four hours' summer this year!

* * *

How will Leona Dare get on without her husband's "apparatus?" But more still do I want to know what Hall will do with it now he's got it.

* * *

Sir Bevys won the Derby; and Sir, Bevies of lovely girls were first favourites on the Oaks day.

* * *

Poor Lord Chelmsford! Flattered by the Queen. bulied by the liberals, and deserted by his pal, Beaky, After all the toadyism, he is to be reduced to the ranks, so to speak, and probably will be recalled to England, to carry the Duke of Cambridge's umbrella. Moral: "Put not thy faith in princes."

* * *

Thomas Kenny, 17, groom to the late Queen of Spain, was palpably drugged, and while in that state did some foolish things in the way of showing a pistol and muttering drowsy threats against the man who had drugged him. Stapleton, P.C. 958, stated that the accused, who was brought before Sir Thos. White at Guildhall, smelt, not of liquor, but of drugs. For this offence of being hocussed, Sir Thomas sentenced him to one month's hard labour. Surely this is a case calling for the notice of Mr. Cross. One month without the option of a fine is simply a disgraceful sentence, unless there is something more than has been published in the way of evidence.

* * *

I was very much struck the other day at the exhibition of the Royal Academy with a group of statuary, by Mr. C. B. Birch, of Tufton Street, Westminster. The "Last Call" is the production of a great artist, and most graphically pourtrays a trumpeter, who having just received his death wound, in his death struggle lifts his trumpet high in the air; his horse is also wounded, sinking on its knees. I was going to say that the tout ensemble was most life-like, but it would be more correct to say death-like. The expression in the poor boy's face displays great agony, but withal desperate determination, whilst the attitude of the horse shows a combination of artistic skill and knowledge of anatomy, which are rarely fouud together I hope this chef d'œuvre of Mr. Birch is not doomed to go into a private collection.

To Correspondents.—*It is requested that all communications on literary matters may be addressed to the Editor, and those on business to the publisher, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.*

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